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V.

MEMORIAL MEETING.

Memorial meeting of the American Geographical Society, held at the Academy of Music, New York, Thursday evening, April 23d, 1874; Chief-Justice DALY in the chair.

Notwithstanding the heaviest rainstorm of the season, more than twenty-five hundred Fellows and guests of the Society participated in the proceedings. By the courtesy of Major General W. S. Hancock, U. S. A., the United States Army Band, stationed on Governor's Island, played dirges at intervals during the evening.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY CHIEF-JUSTICE DALY.

FELLOWS OF THE SOCIETY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The connection of Dr. Livingstone with the Society extends almost to the period when he commenced his career as an explorer. His name has been the longest upon our list of honorary members. Many years ago, we honored ourselves by placing his name on that limited list, and he expressed himself honored that we had done so. We had hoped that when the work to which he had devoted so many years of his life had been accomplished,—the tracing out of the great network of rivers and lakes which constitute the water-sheds of South and Central Africa—that he would have visited this country, and that we would have had the opportunity, upon some public occasion, of expressing to him our appreciation and that of the American people of what he had done in extending the boundaries of human knowledge, and in the great cause of humanity. It was destined that it should be otherwise. He is now in his grave, entombed with the illustrious dead of England, and all that is left us is to unite in the public tribute of respect to his memory. You will be addressed by four eminent gentlemen, members of the Society, upon his life scenes and character. Preparatory to their remarks, I will call upon Major Dane, who is himself about to commence his career as a geographical traveler in the exploration of the unknown regions of Cen-

tral Asia, to point out the respective routes of Dr. Livingstone, upon the map of Africa, that you may have before you a large portion of that great continent that has been opened by his explorations and discoveries. I should also mention that the portrait of Dr. Livingstone which surmounts the map of Africa has been painted for the occasion by a Fellow, the distinguished artist, Mr. Reinhardt.

MAJOR H. C. DANE ON THE GEOGRAPHICAL WORK OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

MR. PRESIDENT, FELLOWS OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I deem myself most highly honored in being invited by the officers of the Society to point out upon the map, a general outline of the several extensive journeys of exploration made by the remarkable man whose memory we honor this night. Time will necessarily compel me to be brief and explicit; nevertheless, I shall endeavor to give you such an understanding of the vast work he accomplished, that you may be able to follow him in his wanderings, as those who are to address you upon his character and achievements shall recount his labors. Thirty-five years ago, all we knew of the great continent of Africa, was its northern states bordering upon the Mediterranean; the line of its western coast, as it was given to the world by Prince Henry, the navigator, whose soul was inspired to discovery by the wonderful exploits of Marco Polo, through the efforts of his naval commander, Vasco De Gama, who coasted down to the Cape of Good Hope, and pushed across the Indian ocean.

On our geographical maps of twenty years since, little more was seen, except a few towns along the eastern coast, while all the vast interior was an almost unspotted blank, with its inscription in bold type—"THE UNEXPLORED REGION OF ETHIOPIA." The Nile was seen as a line running up through Egypt, with its sources lost in the vast unexplored region, and the dim romance of the histories of Ptolemy and Herodotus.

But it is a singular fact that, notwithstanding our blank modern maps, we find in a map published by Ortelius, in 1573, a copy of which may be seen in the marvelous collection of the Geographical Society, two large lakes in the midst of the portion that afterward became a blank. The larger one bore two names; its northern limb that of Zaire, and its southern limb that of Zembre; the lesser was called Zaflan. And both lakes are represented as being the chief sources of the Nile.

In 1840, David Livingstone arrived at Cape Town, to enter upon his work as a missionary. Very soon he proceeded northward, to

the town of Kuruman, where he joined Dr. Moffatt, and began his labors. There he met and married the daughter of Dr. Moffatt, and shortly afterward advanced to Kolobeng, and established his mission. In 1843, he labored in Mobatza, and in 1845, in Channane. Up to 1847, he continued his labors in that vicinity, making various journeys into the surrounding country, among the Boer tribes, a savage and treacherous people, who were incapable of improvement. While he was away from Kolobeng, in 1847, among the neighboring tribes, the heartless Boers made a descent upon his mission, and utterly destroyed it, burning his house and stealing all his property, and murdering hundreds of the people. Upon his return, he found himself almost a beggar, and surrounded by an openly hostile people. Most men would have been crushed by such a blow; but with Dr. Livingstone it served only as an incentive to still greater effort. Gazing upon the smouldering embers of his house, and then upon his defenseless wife and children, he made his resolve, and at once set about its execution. He hastened to Cape Town with his family, his noble soul animated by a purpose that thrills us with admiration as we recall it. He saw the immense difficulties before him, and realized that he must henceforth be shackled with no domestic burdens, and nerved himself to tear from his heart the tenderest chords of his nature. He secured a passage for his family to England, and with emotions we cannot know, bade them God-speed, and smothered his feelings in deep and diligent study of the sciences under the Royal Astronomer. Back to Kuruman, back to Kolobeng he went, turning his back upon all he loved, and went to his scientific work on the arid sands of the Kalahari desert, in 1849, and was soon rewarded in the discovery of Lake Ngami. From there he crossed the Tioghe river, and on to Scheletu's Town, where he won the chief to his support. He next discovered Lake Kalai, and then pushed on to Sesheke, in 1851, where he won the confidence of another chief. From Sesheke he started for the west coast, passing up the Leeba river, stopping at Barotze and Shinte, beyond which he discovered Lake Dilolo. Leaving Lake Dilolo, the bold-hearted wanderer encountered the most trying journey he ever made. It was on that journey he waded miles through the swamp, in the water up to his neck, seeking for a ford. At last he succeeded, and forced his way on to Njambi, and Cassange, thence down the Conanza river, reaching St. Paul de Loando in 1854. After a rest of a few weeks to recover his wasted strength and health, he turned back with the sublime purpose of crossing the continent to the east coast. On his way to Sesheke, he visited

Cabango in 1855. Leaving Sesheke, he discovered Garden island, one of the most charming spots in the world, for whose marvelous beauty he called it the Garden. He next discovered a wonderful waterfall, twice the height of Niagara, to which he gave the name of Victoria. Forcing his way through appalling obstacles, he reached the Zambezi river, and then down that to Zumbo, then on to Tette and Sena, finally reaching Quilimane, in 1856. From there he sailed for England, after an absence of over sixteen years, having traveled in the unbroken wilds of the unknown land, over nine thousand miles.

In 1858 he returned to the east coast to enter upon his second journey. Passing up the Kongone river, the south mouth of the Zambeze, to Sena, he completed his equipment and left for Tette, which he reached in September. From there he crossed to Chibisa, and making that his base, made several journeys, the first resulting in the discovery of Lake Shirwa, the second to Lake Nyassa and along its western shore, then back to Tette. In May, 1860, he started from Tette for his second visit to the Makololo country. He reached the Chicova plains June 1st, where he encountered great difficulties. He reached Zumbo on the Loangwa river, June 26th, and Victoria falls, August 9th. After making further explorations in that neighborhood, he passed on to Sesheke to visit his old friend Sekeletu. Returning and taking a new route from Victoria falls, he reached Sinemane October 5th, and Zumbo November 1st, and Tette on the 23d. He journeyed slowly down to the Kongone river, reaching his starting place January 4, 1861. After a short rest, he made a second journey up to Lake Nyassa. Upon his return to Shupanga, he was doomed to a sad experience in the death of his devoted and beloved wife. The terrible exposures to which she had been subjected had sapped her life, and on the evening of a soft and lovely Sunday, April 27, 1862, she left him in the midst of his vast explorations and passed to her rest. However sad his heart may have been, he silently turned his face inland once more and buried his grief in the deep shades of the unbroken forests, and made several journeys. Having conceived the idea that Lake Nyassa might be reached by way of the Rovuma river, he sailed for that river, August 6, 1862, reaching it the first of September. He at once began its ascent, and progressed until the 25th, when he reached cataracts at Nyamatolo which impeded his further progress, and he returned. Soon after he received orders to return to England, and sailed May 19, 1863, having traveled several thousand miles in addition to his former journeys.

In 1866 he reached Zanzibar for his third journey. On the 28th of March he left Zanzibar for Mikindany bay, and began the second ascent of Rovuma river. Reaching Nyamatolo, he left his boats and went overland, passing south of Lake Nyassa, and taking an inland route among the mountains, passed northward through the Lobisa country, the home of the Babisa tribes, who were largely engaged in the slave trade. Crossing the valley of the Lowangwa, he passed along the northern shore of Lake Liembi, which he thus discovered to be separate from Lake Tanganyika. Thence southward again into the Lobisa country, he changed his course to the north-west to Lake Moero, then southward to Lake Bangweolo or Bemba, which he reached in 1868. Exploring that lake and vicinity quite extensively, he went back to Lake Moero, passing along the east coast, then back to Cazembes, and from there went to Lake Tanganyika and explored its western course up to Uguhha. He crossed to Ujiji in May, 1869, and rested for a short time. He crossed again to Uguhha, and started on a far western tour, reaching Bambarre in July. Making that a base, he explored Lake Kamalondo to the south, and then the unbroken regions to the north, where he discovered many large rivers. In August, 1870, he left Bambarre for the farther west, visiting Bakoos and Bagenya on the Lualaba river, and discovered a large lake, to which he gave the name of Lincoln, in honor of our most illustrious and honored citizen and ex-president.

From Bagenya, in 1871, he made his way into the wild regions to the east, where he found a primeval forest with large villages about ten miles apart. He returned to Bambarre and began his journey back to Ujiji, where he arrived in October, 1871, thoroughly exhausted and out of funds. Disappointed and sad, he set himself to writing up his journal and otherwise busying himself to keep away despair. And while thus engaged, and waiting for — he knew not what — to his astonishment and amazement, the intrepid Stanley, the well-supplied messenger from the New York *Herald*, presented himself before the well-worn traveler with all his heart most desired. Mr. Stanley has given the world the account of the travels of the two together, and of that I need not speak.

At Unyanyembe, Stanley and Dr. Livingstone parted early in 1872, while Sir Samuel White Baker was fighting the Bari in the great basin of the Nile, and Alvan S. Southworth, another representative of the New York *Herald*, and now the active and enterprising Secretary of this honorable Society, was pushing his way at the head of an expedition up that mysterious river five hundred miles

above Khartoum, the junction of the Blue and White Niles. Soon after Stanley left him, Dr. Livingstone started on his last journey. Well worn and exhausted, the bold old pioneer started once more alone, with his black comrades, for the wild interior. His plan was to pass to the south of Lake Tanganyika, to the south shore of Lake Bemba, then northward to the west of the Conda Irugo mountains to Lake Kamolondo, and from there to Lake Lincoln, and thence to the large lake at the north, which has never been visited.

He had passed to the south shore of Lake Bemba, when he found that his strength was failing, and that he could not proceed. The unequaled trials, privations and exposures through which he had passed during thirty years of toil, such as no other man ever experienced, together with the malaria of the jungle, had thoroughly sapped his constitution, and with a sad heart — sadder than we know — he realized it. No one will ever dare to picture the disappointment he must have experienced as he gave up the last hope of his life. Weak and helpless he crossed the lake to the north shore and started for Unyanyembe, longing for home. But the attempt was in vain. He had delayed too long. He could continue his journey but a few days on his mules, and then abandoned them for a litter which his faithful attendants bore through the tangled forests for three days, when he was compelled to halt. Then it was that the longing of his weary soul for his home and loved ones found utterance. He longed for the comforts of civilization. For thirty long, tedious years — and what years to him! — the damp and poisonous soil of Africa had been his couch and the starry vault of heaven his canopy, and he had always been satisfied; but now when the long march was drawing to a close he yearned for other shelter, and in his agony he cried: “Build me a hut to die in.” The hut was built, rough and simple, and they laid his sinking form therein.

From the deep, dark, cold valley, into which he was slowly but surely slipping, came a chilling wave that swept over his broken frame, and pressed out the bitter cry: “I am very cold; put more grass upon the hut.” But neither more grass upon the hut, nor the kind attentions of his one devoted and faithful attendant could warm his blood. And there, alone, deep in the thick forest shades of the land where he had fought so long and nobly, a few miles from the beautiful shores of Lake Bemba, his long march was ended. There he pitched the tent; there he stacked his arms, and went to his rest:—

“Sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, * * * * *
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

ADDRESS OF THE REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, D. D.

The Rev. Dr. Adams said :

Mr. PRESIDENT :—The occasion on which we are convened is certainly unique and extraordinary. We are met to do honor, not to one of our own fellow-citizens for distinguished, patriotic services to his native land, but to one who was personally a stranger to nearly all who are here present, yet nevertheless was known and honored throughout the civilized world. Last Saturday his body was interred in Westminster Abbey. The procession which followed his remains, we are told, filed its way through crowds of sorrowful men. Men of the highest rank in Church and State took part in the funeral pageant. The Queen and royal family were represented amid this token of general sorrow. And who was the man thus honored by those high tokens of respect and assigned a resting place in that spot which England has reserved for her mighty dead ? He was not one of her own statesmen who had charmed the British senate by his eloquence and was brought to sleep by the side of Chatham, Fox and Canning. He was not one of her great and brave admirals or generals brought to sleep by the side of Wolfe and Nelson. He was not one of her poets, philosophers or historians, like Gibbon, Newton or Macaulay, whose works will ever be regarded as the grand jewels of English literature. No ; he was a man of very humble origin and of most singular modesty—a man who, when he first gained notice, was an unpretending Christian missionary going among the pagans of Africa. As the opportunities opened the sphere of his work enlarged, and he became one of the most successful explorers of that mysterious continent, which, since the days of Herodotus, has been a problem to the rest of the world. Having endured great pain and following out the path he had chosen, with great industry, he has become a contributor to the sum of human knowledge in the cause of science, civilization and Christianity. It is a good thing for us to honor the memory of such a man. Dr. Livingstone was truly a great man. What was his greatness ? That is the question ; and it receives an answer from the author of our religion. It is well when there is such a struggle for political place and power, when there is so much done to stimulate ambition, that the question which arose was settled. Upon a certain day our Lord and His twelve disciples were walking along the road, and He overheard them engaged in a very animated conversation. He did not interrupt them at the time, but when evening came He recalled the matter, and gave to them, and through them to us, a lesson of immortal wisdom, which, whenever and by whomsoever it has been reduced to practice, has

never failed to win the approbation of all right-minded men. It seems that that group of disciples, supposing that their Lord was to found a political dynasty, were in dispute among themselves which of them should be the greatest and who should hold the highest office in that new political empire. They seem to have been the prototypes of modern politicians. We do not know the particulars, but Matthew was a tax-gatherer and familiar with assessments, and we may suppose that he made claim for the administration of the Custom-house. Peter, bold, impetuous, noble-hearted, was not going to occupy any inferior place; and there was one man in the crowd who undoubtedly looked pretty sharp at the Treasury. "Whoever among you will be greatest, let him be your minister," he said. A new law was pronounced that moment that never was dreamed of by Greek or Roman. It is well for us assembled in this western horizon to meet together, and do honor to the memory of a man whose life and achievements were among the examples of this great law. The object of Dr. Livingstone was not to win the things associated with greatness—ribbons, stars and titles. He subjected himself to trouble and labor in seeking the good of his fellow man, and when he entered upon this labor, he chose the least attractive part of the world. He went among barbarians, 40,000,000 of whom had been exported and sold into slavery. This was self-sacrifice. What an endurance of pain and hardship he underwent in this work, we can hardly conceive; but he devoted himself to it for the purpose of giving those barbarians the light of the Gospel, and lifting them into the dignity of Christian civilization. It was, indeed, meet and proper that queens, princes, lords and bishops should vie in doing honor to such a great man. It is well for ourselves to meet together to lift up this one idea, that there is a greatness which is not to be measured by an earthly standard—that there is some greatness other than devoting ourselves to making large fortunes; that there is some greatness other than being elected to the board of aldermen, or even to the position of senator of such a State as Massachusetts; that there is something greater than to be lifted to a place where one can inflate the currency as Eolus filled his bags with wind. Dr. Livingstone worked at his plan, not with spasmodic effort, but with untiring, unremitting toil, severing himself from his family and from the civilized world. He plunged into pestiferous jungles, waded through swamps, climbed over mountains, passed through regions filled with malaria, and explored districts where he suffered from tropical heat. Fever wasted his body to a skeleton, but he never thought of going back. He was determined to accomplish all

that he could — all that was within the reach of human industry. This was heroism of the greatest kind, different from that of the man sitting on his charger in the heat of battle when his blood was up, with the blast of war, and the shock of an army around him, knowing that the eyes of his country are upon him, and feeling that he may win all the honors that ambition ever pictured, just as Sir Garnet Wolseley, who has returned from a different embassy in another part of Africa, and has been granted titles, and all manner of honors. Livingstone was alone in what he did. He acted in cool blood. He had set his mind on a determined purpose, and was not diverted from it. He felt he must die among savages. He determined to do all in self-sacrifice for the advantage of the world. I am inclined to suggest a thought in this connection, that there must be always a union between true science and Christianity, which must always walk together in the world. Many Americans have done much for the country and the promotion of its fame, by devoting their time to the work of exploration and the cause of religion. They have shown, in an admirable manner, that there is one religion which can be shared in by all mankind. We do well to pay our respects to the memory of David Livingstone. It was meet that one of our own countrymen rescued him when he seemed to be utterly lost in the wilderness of Africa — it is meet that we should pay respect to his memory. His work is done. He sleeps in Westminster Abbey. He was a true son of science — a hero of civilization — a great missionary of the cross. He is gone, but his works follow him. In that day that prophecy has promised, when Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands — when she shall be redressed of the wrongs that prevail in her mysterious regions — the name of Dr. Livingstone will shine as bright as the stars in the firmament, for ever and ever.

ADDRESS OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was loudly cheered by the spectators, on making his appearance on the platform. Chief-Judge DALY said : The audience has introduced Mr. Beecher, so it is, therefore, unnecessary for me to do so.

Mr. BEECHER said :

Mr. PRESIDENT :— I observe that there is a generous provision for you to-night, and that a number of speakers are to follow me, and I shall, therefore, be brief in my remarks. It is a good sign of the progress of civilization — not in extent but in quality — that commu-

nities are learning gratitude ; and they are not learning with the men that are dead alone, but are taking living men and giving to them the joys of appreciation. For one of the signs of a superior nature is an exquisite susceptibility to kindnesses, to services rendered. It is a good thing for a community to call up all its humblest servants and those who serve it physically ; those who by invention abbreviate the purposes of industry, making the condition of the great common people easier, and who, by condensing labor and cheapening it, give time to men for something other than physical drudgery. We would not stint the praise that goes to them that make life softer, and that, in the midst of society, increase the comfort of the non-heroic multitude. But there are those who give no immediate return, whose lives are fruitful. Such are eminently explorers and discoverers. I am met, when I speak of those who have so ceaselessly besieged, and yet never taken, the fortress of the Northern Pole, with the question, " What use is it ? Suppose that the Polar regions were ransacked, and that men should shoot to and fro over the imaginary Pole, what then ? " What then ! Nothing, if all men's thought of value is something to buy or sell. Nothing, if you must have a physical equivalent and something tangible and visible. Much, if it be a value to add manhood to other manhoods ; for he who takes his life in his hand and fights against nature, putting skill against force and the irresistibleness of human will against the irresistibleness of nature in her frigid zone, adds little to territory but much to manhood, and raises the whole thought which we entertain of heroism ; and by fortitude, by patience, by endurance, by sturdy courage and by at least a few discoveries, brings back to us a treasure which makes the whole generation richer. For that which lifts the thought of man as with the power divine, that which enlarges the sense of being, is itself a gift, compared with which silver and gold are as dross. When men, therefore, have periled their lives and laid them down in the service of science, they may not have added many facts, they may not have discovered and added many truths ; but they have left a record which will make society so much richer that it is worth all that they have suffered. And no men are doing more for us than those men who, in the study, or in the observatory, or in remote parts of the earth, are bringing general knowledge to the service of mankind by ways which make mankind richer, by the examples and the suffering and the heroism of those that achieve these things. We come to-night, Fellows of the Geographical Society, to pay our respect — no to lay the offering of our thanks before the name of one simple as a child, and great as any man in our time has been — David Livingstone —

an honorary member, I believe, sir, of this Geographical Society, to which Society, if not the very first, at least, perhaps the second, communication of his missionary explorations was made — one which, to the very last, we had occasion to remember with gratitude and with honor. It is fitting, therefore, that this Society should make mention of his name, and appoint an evening for the celebration in which we are now actors. That great wonder — that continent of Africa ! If I had selected a place in which to play the hero, that would have been the last one suggested to my choice. Until very recently its swarming population was not in good odor with us. There have been a thousand reasons why we praised the European and the Caucasian, and were tolerant even of the Tartar and the Mongol ; but the African has been beneath contempt, or, if at all tolerated, it was only as we found him in the far antiquity, the mythical African of a remote and improbable civilization. That great continent, which has been known for thousands of years and is almost absolutely unknown, the wonder of history and a phenomenon of geography, near to civilization, and on its own borders carrying the earliest, surrounded again and again, encircled by fleets and yet unpierced, defended by a thousand obstacles to discovery, it remains to-day the enigma of geography. To have gone forth to explore that continent, had one attempted it as a purpose and an ambition, would have been remarkable. But David Livingstone went on no such errand. He went as a simple missionary, who was as far from expecting the results which have transpired in his life as any person could have been. Going to South Africa he went to preach the Gospel to the benighted. He gave himself to this service by almost identifying himself with the population. He left civilization behind him and adopted the manners of the natives ; he almost lived as the savages live. He learned thus their language, he entered into their sympathies and their feelings, he became as one of them. And if at that stage of his life one had looked upon it he would have asked, “What is all this for ? How can a man of any sympathy bury himself up in this darkness, and live among brutal savages, and experience pleasure or joy ?” But he was proving, unknown to himself, the declaration that “he that abaseth himself shall be exalted.” For it was in this school that he was gaining the power to achieve the things that afterward made his name illustrious. He had learned the people and their manners. He had learned the language by which his labor was facilitated. Then, when disaster came upon him and all his missionary hopes of exploration, to open that continent to Christianity, to commerce, to civilization, were apparently overthrown

when he began this second stage of his work, at every step of it he reaped the benefit which accrued from his (as we might say) humble services at a primary school of missionary labor. The records of his journey are written, as I think, with exquisite simplicity and truthfulness. I know of no book more fascinating, not even, perhaps, "Robinson Crusoe," for Defoe's style was hardly more simple than was Livingstone's. I know it, because for years it has lain in my dining-room, and instead of desert I have taken "Livingstone," reading while others ate, until it has become almost as familiar to me as to my boyhood was "Robinson Crusoe." I know of no book that so enables one to look into the interior of a man — a man with vanity, but without improper pride, a man showing manhood at every step, and often under circumstances the most difficult — just such a man in the wilds of Africa, self-respecting, energetic, patient, persevering, manly in every way, as if he were walking before an audience at London, or were in the midst of the plaudits of New York. He showed himself more than a man — he was a diplomatist. It may be difficult to be a diplomatist among civilized nations when Greek meets Greek, where fierce and artful expedients are pitted against each other; but to be a diplomatist in the woods or among savages is a great thing. To be a diplomatist with an army or a nation at your back is one thing; to be alone with a few Makolulu servants about you, with no recognized civil powers near you but the kings and princes all through Southern Africa, is another thing. In all this he was a master man. Almost alone he traversed thousands of miles, first to the western coast, then back to the eastern coast, and then afterward that network of travel in the center of Africa, at every step relying on his own ingenuity, honesty and knowledge of the natives. He persevered where hundreds of men would have perished by their own want of experience or wisdom. Unscathed from out of a thousand dangers, he persevered until, not by the hand of man, but by the insidious encroachments of disease, he was laid away forever. This is a man who, if he had discovered no lake, if he had measured no mountain or revealed no valleys, would have added to the number of those by whom our children, looking back upon, will feel themselves ennobled, and aspiration will follow the reading of the life of Livingstone as long as a generous sentiment remains in the young heart. But in this great exploration the man was not seeking merely curious things; he was not prompted by that curious vagabondism which inspires many Englishmen to climb the Alps or to hunt throughout Southern Africa. His eye was perpetually upon the features of nature, loving

science and adding to her treasure. He surveyed the fields and opportunities, and he described afar the civilization that was one day to take possession of Southern and Central Africa. All the way through he thought how to extinguish the abominations, cruelties and inhumanities of the slave trade; everywhere, and higher than all these, how the name of his Master should be made honorable in the lives and conversion of these swarming myriads of Central Africa. Never were nobler motives grouped together. Never was a man for so many years so successful in conducting an enterprise with so few resources, under the inspiration of motives so high. When at last he fell, he had done a good work, and yet, like Moses, he only saw the promised land, but was not suffered to enter it. His geographical pride was to discover the sources of the Nile. He died without knowing that he had discovered them.

Fellow citizens, two great expeditions, almost at the same time, left the western and eastern coasts of Africa, wending their way toward Great Britain. On the west a British general, who deserves well of his country, who had conducted her flag honorably, had subdued rebellion and maintained the dignity as well as the rights of the country; on the east they bore the body of the dead explorer—the one and the other—toward the fatherland. As the living hero came, all England rose rejoicingly; the bells rang, the trumpets sounded, the streets were thronged, and all the people acclaimed “Bravo!” and he had deserved it. But a little space and the bells were tolled, and again the trumpets resounded and the streets were filled and the whole people were hushed; for they followed a bier. It was no general, but it was a simple man, who had gone out a missionary and had come back a hero. They bore him into Westminster Abbey. He lies among the honored dead of that national mausoleum, and no nobler form ever passed through its portal. Of the two—the living hero, justly honored and endeared to his country, and the explorer who carried at once in his heart the love of God and the love of man—the dead hero lying in Westminster Abbey I had rather be than the living general. England took with honor the living and the dead, and was herself honored in receiving them both, but more honored in the reception of the dead than the living—of this great man, who has been among the chiefest of explorers, the noblest of men, the truest of Christians among those heroes that have exalted humanity, and made it easier in all time for men to do great deeds patiently, humbly and well.

ADDRESS OF DR. I. I. HAYES.

MR. PRESIDENT, FELLOWS OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am here to-night to speak of Dr. Livingstone as a traveler. Mr. Beecher has already pictured to you many of his great achievements in that direction, and they have been made the more clear to you through the careful geographical descriptions of Major Dane, while Dr. Adams, with his usual eloquence, has portrayed the missionary life of that extraordinary man whose body was, on Saturday last, laid away with the mighty dead in Westminster Abbey—that mausoleum of the great.

If I do not feel that I have the power fully to analyze the character of Dr. Livingstone as a traveler, there is perhaps one point upon which I may freely dwell with justice to the living and the dead. It is the spirit by which that great traveler was animated, and with which no man of any time was so completely filled since Marco Polo first taught the world what a traveler might be. It is the spirit of discovery which guided his whole life.

I have often asked myself, “Why is it that Dr. Livingstone appeals so strongly to our sympathies? Why is it that to-day the thought of the world centers about the name of that great man? Why is it that the Royal Geographical Society of London and the American Geographical Society of New York should vie with each other in paying homage to his memory? Why is it that the great throbbing heart of the whole world has so promptly and so earnestly responded to the energetic efforts of the New York *Herald* to reclaim the lost wanderer and bring him back again to civilization?” and the answer comes: It is because we find in him strongly expressed a law of our being which, more or less, governs us all. It is that we all seek after hidden things in nature—seek to discover something that is new, to experience a new emotion in a new triumph, to do something that may enlarge our mental and material vision; it may be something that “the world will not willingly let die.” For are we not all natural-born travelers? True, we are governed by different desires. One travels to gratify a roving curiosity and satisfy undefined fancies; one desires to wander by the sea and listen to what the wild waves are ever saying; another to climb some dangerous mountain height; another to ramble through the great cities of a foreign land; another to roam among the ruins of the past. But Livingstone’s was a higher, a nobler ambition than any of these; for his ambition was to tread the wilds of unknown lands, and bring to light that which had been so long hidden from all the world.

While we readily discover in the ordinary traveler a vein of selfish gratification, a desire simply to please him or herself, we find in the traveler Livingstone that which arouses our highest admiration, the noblest spirit that ever animated man — the spirit of self-sacrifice for the benefit of his fellows. That there was a degree of pride in all he attempted to do we must admit, but it was a pride which claims our sympathy and respect. It was the same pride which caused Columbus to face the dangers of the great unknown sea; it was the same pride that thrilled Magellan, when in the midst of mutiny, as he emerged from the straits which bear his illustrious name into the broad, sweeping waters of the Pacific, he answered the demand to turn back, in dread of prospective starvation, "We will on, on to the west; we may eat the skins from our yards, but we will not turn back." It was the same pride that led the immortal Franklin to crowd his way among the crushing ice-bergs of the north to find the path-way to the Pole.

David Livingston was a great traveler; and, my friends, that means much. A man may travel all the-world over; he may visit every land, he may rest in every clime, he may speak every tongue, he may have been entertained by the great of every people, and yet not be a great traveler. When St. Paul, near the close of his unequaled career, after having addressed himself to vast throngs of almost every people of his time, uttered these words, "I have been made all things unto all men," he defined truly the character of the great traveler.

The great traveler is one who leaves no enemies in his rear, for he assimilates himself to the people about him. Staff in hand he pushes out into untrodden pathways, fearless and free, recognizing all men as his common brethren. Such a man was Marco Polo, and such a man was David Livingstone.

For the space of a generation Marco Polo traversed the hitherto unknown regions of Central Asia, passing without fear among the Tartar tribes, wherever he went making friends, and finding everywhere unknown tribes eagerly awaiting his approach, until at length he reached the mighty monarch of the East — the great Khublai Khan — who, while ruling over countless millions of people, made the traveler his trusted counselor. And now in later times we find another such traveler, for the space of a generation, wandering through Central Africa. It is Livingstone, who, like Marco Polo, traversed hitherto unknown regions, passing from country to country and from tribe to tribe, oftentimes in the midst of wars and bloodshed, and was, like Marco Polo, not molested in his course by hostile

demonstrations; for he was the instinctively recognized friend of all, the faithful and unquestioned ally of mankind everywhere, and with his patent of nobility stamped upon his forehead, we see him moving freely on his course toward the achievement of his great mission. He made himself all things unto all men. Adapting himself to their situation, always appreciating their condition, abusing none of their prejudices, never with violence attacking their superstitions, never seeking to instruct them beyond their capacity to learn, kind and gentle always, cheerful always, loving always, he endeared himself to every one he met.

Marco Polo and David Livingstone stand out as the typical travelers of different epochs. The one traversed the lands of the Orient, grew rich and told the story of a life which set the world ablaze with enterprise, and brought about the discovery of America. The other traversed lands that were poor in what we call wealth, but he inaugurated a series of discoveries which led to the sources of the Nile and caused the mystery to clear away from the most interesting geographical problem of our time.

The whole secret of success with the traveler rests in the heart and not in the pocket. It is the manhood of the traveler that achieves success. Above all things the traveler must be sincere.

In illustration of the self-confidence, of sincerity, of motive and singleness of purpose in the accomplishment of an aim among uncivilized peoples, let me recall to you the story of Captain Lyon, who, when about to start for Africa, had a protracted consultation with the official committee. Leaving them at length to discuss in private the outfit with which he was to be supplied, Captain Lyon strolled down the street. Returning in half an hour, he found them still in consultation. The chairman said, "Captain, we have been discussing your outfit, but have not yet arrived at a conclusion as to what it should be; we would be glad to have some suggestions." The Captain promptly replied, "O! don't trouble yourselves, gentlemen, my outfit is already purchased." "Indeed!" exclaimed they all in concert. "Yes; I bought it while I was out, and here it is," whereupon he produced a tin cup. Much wondering, they asked what he meant. "Why," said he, "I can drink from that, I can cook my meals in that, if necessary, and as for the rest, I trust to the people. I would advise every traveler to buy a silver cup if he can afford it, as it will last longer, but I can only afford a tin one."

Buy a tin cup and trust to the people! Trust to the people! The man who did this heartily was never yet disappointed. The man who never lied to the people by word or manner was never harmed,

but has passed safely through their lands, were they even the veriest savages.

A great truth underlies this story. It is this—success cannot be achieved without the friendship of the people, and that once gained is far more than treasures of gold, and silver, and precious stones. But in all this, there must be natural, unfeigned sincerity. One may be a hypocrite in civilized life and succeed in his desires by so doing, but he cannot palm off such broken wares upon the savage.

David Livingstone possessed all these qualities of the great traveler; and besides a cool courage, he had calm judgment and great discretion, but, over and above all, he was the embodiment of truth itself. “To ride a horse, to bend the bow, to speak the truth,” was to be a man in ancient Norseland. “A man, a word,” it became, later—and Livingstone was a true son of his ancestors. And he possessed the loftiest bravery. That man is not necessarily brave who cuts his way through great obstacles at the head of an army, and who takes the lives of those who oppose his onward march; but he is truly brave who coolly and calmly encounters whatever lies in his pathway, and by discreet calculation makes his way around opposing obstacles, and wins to his side all whom he meets, claiming their confidence and support, and causing them to become his assistants rather than his opponents, and when he has departed, leaves behind him a memory of love, and kindness, and simplicity, that will cause the barbarous companions of his toil to speak of him with tender veneration. This is the true hero, and such a hero was he whose memory we have gathered here to honor.

David Livingstone had a sincere desire to benefit mankind. It was not alone that he was kind to the ignorant savage who waited on him, and helped him forward on his journey; he desired to see the world improved by the extension of knowledge. “To diffuse knowledge among men,” was the purpose of the liberal-minded Smithson; but to create knowledge was the aim of Livingstone; and in this he saw a halo of light to guide coming generations to a higher level of manhood and of brotherhood. This, as it seems to me, was the guiding star of his life, and his record shall, in consequence, live through all time. From where the Atlantic rolls its hoarse notes along the Western coast, to where the spice-laden breezes of the Indies chime their melodies in the east; on the borders of the inland seas, along the banks of the sluggish streams, throughout the deep, dark shades of the almost impenetrable forests, Afric’s dusky children shall tell from generation to generation, of the mighty deeds, the unwavering valor, the dauntless courage, the mild and

gentle manners of the great white man who passed for a quarter of a century up and down along their sunny fountains like an angel of mercy.

I can comprehend and sympathize with the throbings of that great man's soul, as isolated from home and kindred he wandered among the savage tribes, in the midst of trials and obstacles, in search of the great object of his restless ambition. I think I can understand his feelings as he forced his way through impediment after impediment, never tiring, never fainting, never yielding, whatever his privations, thinking not of the life he was exhausting, forgetting the sacrifices he was making in pursuit of his great aim, when from amidst the dark and gloomy shades of those unbroken wilds first flashed upon his bewildered gaze the waters of the inland sea, which he at first believed to be the fountain of the Nile, and I think I am not a stranger to the emotions he must have experienced, when, upon further exploration, his seeming success paled into disappointment; for, when I recall that experience of his life, I remember my own emotions as I stood upon the shores of the open sea beneath the Pole, after three perilous attempts, and realized that my ship, which should have taken me to the goal within my reach, was frozen fast in the ice hundreds of miles behind me.

I think I understand the purpose that animated him when he refused to accompany the intrepid Stanley back to civilization, and decided once more, in his old age and wasted strength, alone to push out still farther in search of the dream of his life; for after twenty years of struggle and disappointment I have not yet abandoned my fixed and steadfast purpose to reach the North Pole by way of Smith's sound.

I seem to see him as he wends his way, leading his savage followers, who cling to him with blind enthusiasm, unable to comprehend why the white man should always choose danger and face death, rather than quiet and safety. Ah! that man was seeking truth, and he knew no other following.

We know not yet the full measure of his achievements. We only know that, steadfast to duty, he had finished his work, and had finally turned his face homeward, when the grim messenger he had so often thwarted, met him on the way and struck the fatal blow, and he fell when he had won his victory, leaving behind him an example of fortitude and devotion that shall be an example to the latest generations.

His work is done, and well he did it; and they have laid him away

“ In the great Minster's transept, where light-like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.”

And here the curtain drops upon a life. It is not given to us to know more than that which we have seen, but what we have seen gives us hope and strengthens our courage. We have watched this great man's career. We have seen him hand in hand with his two guiding spirits—the spirit of discovery and the spirit of the Christian faith. Future generations only can tell the harvest to be gathered for civilization from the seed he has sown. He has indeed planted the germ that shall yet cause the wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose. He has erected for himself in man's affections a monument that shall endure long after the grand old pile which now enshrines his ashes shall have crumbled away to dust and been forgotten. Empires may rise and fall; nations may be blotted out, and known no more; rulers, statesmen, warriors lost in oblivion; but the name of the great traveler whom we mourn to-day shall never fade while the spirit of Christianity and the love of truth animate the souls of men.

ADDRESS OF REV. NOAH HUNT SCHENCK, D. D., OF BROOKLYN.

Mr. PRESIDENT:—I do not flatter myself that it is at all within the range of my poor ability to contribute to the interest of this occasion, after the eloquent and exhaustive deliverances of the distinguished men who have preceded me. Still I would essay the discharge of the pleasing duty you have imposed, and weaving into expression certain sentiments of appreciation, lay them as a wreath of immortelles upon the tomb of Livingstone.

The possibilities of human development have no finer illustration than in the story of him whose merit and memory we are met to honor. A few days since, the noblest of the land gathered in London, under the groined arches of

“ — that temple where the dead
Are honored by the nation,”

to pay the ultimate tributes of earth to all that was left of the great African missionary and explorer, committing in solemn services the body to the ground, and the soul to the God that gave it, leaving the honored ashes in the mausoleum of England's mighty dead, dropping upon them the tears of affection, and offering over them a reverential *Laus Deo* that such a man had been given to the age and race, not only because of the good he had done, but for the illustration he gave of elevated manhood.

It is less than sixty years ago that David Livingstone was born. He was fortunate in the majestic elements of natural grandeur that environed the spot of his nativity. It was on the beautiful banks of

the Clyde, and near where Ben Lomond lifts his "bald and towering crest," and almost in the shadow of Dumbarton's "castellated crag." His father was a poor shopman, of whom there is little to say, except the honorable tradition that "he was too honest to get rich." The *res angustæ domi* soon compelled young Livingstone to seek elsewhere for a livelihood, and for many years he threw the shuttle as a weaver's boy. But his mind meantime was busy, and his time was rigidly economised. There were invisible threads with which he was concurrently occupied,—weaving in the warp and woof of character elements of beauty and utility, which, when afterward touched up by the hand of experience, presented to the world a finished specimen of human tapestry.

When somewhat relieved from the pressure of toiling for his daily bread, Livingstone devoted himself to the study of medicine, and afterward to careful preparation for the Christian ministry. He proposed going to China, but upon the showing that his services could be more useful in South Africa, he promptly accepted this as the scene of his evangelizing labors, and for one-third of a century he has made his home in that land, over which the pall of barbarism has so mysteriously rested. His zeal, modesty, self-sacrifice and single-hearted devotion to the great end contemplated first and last, are unparalleled in the history of missions and scientific exploration. He carried into his missionary effort, in well-ordered methods, an intelligence and discriminating sympathy which insured a peculiar and unprecedented success, and which has won for his work a worldwide approbation. But appealing from the rigid conventions of missionary administration, Livingstone proposed and pushed the grand idea that Christianity and science, as the twin pioneers of the highest civilization, were necessary for the moral redemption of Africa. Under this inspiration he threaded the mazes of wilderness and desert, planting the foot of exploration along routes never before pursued, except by the savage sons of Ham; telling of Christ to those who had never before heard the name; and offering devotions where the rocks had never echoed the sound, and the air never been moved by the pulsations of prayer. The results of all this are in part matters of history and scientific record; but the consequences shall be ever-flowing, as a fountain once broken forth and affluently fed by hidden but exhaustless reservoirs. But, alas! the hand that touched the rock and opened a way for the waters, is paralyzed in death. And the great man died with his harness on. He fell upon the field, but they have brought him home to sleep. They have laid him to rest amidst the best and the bravest. Around him are heroes,

and statesmen, and poets; men of art, men of letters, and men of sublime philanthropy. But amidst the rich memorials of sleeping greatness, there is no

“Storied urn or animated bust”

whose legends tell of a nobler life than that of David Livingstone.

The splendid pageant of his obsequies was a fitting close to the story of a career at once so modest and so majestic,—begun in a little hamlet in the romantic Highlands of Scotland, pursued for the whole work-time of life in the wilds of Africa, and concluded amidst the architectural glories of the great cathedral where society and the State, by their representatives of highest worth and rank, thronged the historic aisles, and vied with each other to do reverence to the honored dead. Hither came Livingstone, ushered by no such Valhalla cry as that which is said to have burst from Britain’s heroes, and spurred the hot desire for fame, when bracing to the shock of battle, “Victory, or Westminster Abbey!” but hither was he brought from a lonely exile, where in silence and solitude he wrought at his life-task, with the love of man for his inspiration, and the love of God for his reward.

But, turning from the spectacle of his august sepulture, and before the echoes of the great civic requiem have floated quite away, may we not profitably inquire into the springs of this eminent appreciation of Livingstone? Why is it that England honors, why do we and all the world honor him? The secret of this man’s greatness, I take to be, was, that he made the most of what was in him. He put himself to the best use, and he did his work well.

The theory of Livingstone’s life has not been properly apprehended in certain quarters. He has been taken to task for giving up the simple career of the missionary to put on the mantle of the scientific traveler, and enter upon the secular engagements of exploration. But how partial and prejudiced the judgment of such superficialists! How utterly inadequate the scope of such a vision to analyze the character or trace the circumference of the great sentiment that charged the man! That sentiment, and it was alike consistent in detail and duration, that sentiment was the desire to do the largest amount of good in his day to the human race. Actuated by this feeling he first accepted the commission of Christ, and labored zealously as a missionary. And let it be broadly published, and everywhere accepted for true, that he was not a whit the less a missionary when he became an explorer. On the contrary, this was only the widening of the field and the augmenting of his own effort,

and the pioneering and preparing the way for others who should follow him.

For ten or twelve years, Livingstone, though engaged in the ordinary duties of a missionary at Kuruman and Kolebeng was, one may say, in reality by this very experience, qualifying himself for his subsequent and more important work. Early in this period, from 1840 to 1844, he addressed himself not only to the study of the native dialects, but even more especially to the ways and wants of the people, their peculiar habits of thought, and domestic life. To this end he made his home with them, and became as one of themselves. Thus securing an introduction to and a thorough knowledge of the inner life of the natives, he ere long established a sympathetic relationship; and, in consequence, a certain magnetic mastery. Near the termination of this twelve-year term of comparatively stationary work, Livingstone made several exploring excursions, one extending as far as the Zambezi, and from the last of which he returned to find that Kolebeng had been overrun by the Dutch Boers; many of his people killed or carried into captivity; the whole settlement devastated and left in utter desolation, and the mission and its property utterly ruined by pillage, fire and sword. This was the turning-point of his whole career. Before him were the wrecks of more than ten years of earnest effort. And this because of the greed and brutality of men who were of the white race of the North, and who had lived under the influences of a Christian civilization. One such illustration was enough to satisfy this missionary that the evangelization of Africa was not to be accomplished by a few single-handed missionary efforts at remote and isolated points; but rather that it was to be brought about by introducing Christianity at work; that is, inviting the whole of the machinery of our civilization to the wilds of Africa. And so he resolved to give his life to prepare the way for it, by opening up the river highways, and disclosing the inland seas, and investigating the fertility of soil, and cataloguing the natural products of forest, field and mine. And more than this, to plant the seeds of sympathy and friendly feeling in the hearts of the tribes he should encounter in his way, preaching the truth of Christ not only in the revealed theories, but much more by the beauty of character and the eloquence of example.

And so it was, that he returned to the Cape, sent his family to England, and, after a brief season of scientific study under the Royal Astronomer, set his face to the north, and began his wonderful journeys of discovery and scientific observation which pursued lines of adventure reaching out for eleven thousand miles, and which covered

a period of more than twenty years. Let others, better qualified, rehearse the invaluable results to Geographical Science, but from my point of observation, I am bold to say, that the moral consequences of Livingstone's African embassy are incalculably great. His whole career in that land is a gospel epic. Aside from his faithful and never suspended oral deliverances of revealed truth, he preached by life as no man had ever done by tongue. His every act was at once a sermon and a practical illustration. He has left records which will become enduring traditions with the tribes and the localities; and long after you and I, Mr. President, shall have passed away, shall the redeemed generations rehearse with gratitude to God the memories of Livingstone, the pioneer and prophet of Africa's civil and religious renovation!

To the working out of his great undertaking, Livingstone invited neither personal co-operation in the field nor the backing of state patronage at home. He went forth single-handed and alone, like the shepherd boy of Israel, but strong in the consciousness of divine benediction. He marshaled the forces of his remarkable personal character, and with these for the weapons of his warfare manfully breasted the perils and the difficulties that bristled all along his path.

I regret that I have only space to speak a word of the moral forces which armed and mailed this man as he prosecuted his great adventures. It would be alike instructive and interesting to cite from the abundant illustrations which crowd the eventful record of his long and laborious journeyings. But without such corroboration, I am free to claim for Livingstone, first of all, and most conspicuously, *great singleness of purpose*. From the hamlet on the Clyde to the rude hut which canopied his Ethiopian death-bed, the avowed and recorded aim and end of his life was never for a moment blurred or overwritten. Nothing ever diverted him from the line of his effort, and if he had no other element of distinction, this alone would have signalized his career.

But to this oneness of idea and effort, were appended, as agents of execution, a *determination and fearlessness* almost, if not quite, exceptional in the record of bold exploration. When we remember that he entered upon his expeditions into unknown regions, without the possibility of help in case of disaster; that he encountered the perils of wild beasts, and the more fearful craft and cunning of the wild and savage aborigines; that he was exposed to the poisonous malaria of swamp and jungle; that for months together he was dependent upon the precarious products of the forest and stream, for the means of sustaining life, and that, under a tropical sun,

fatiguing marches and wasting fevers were to be accepted of necessity, as enfeebling frictions if not fatal foes; of a surety, nothing less than a sublime heroism could have nerved a man for such threatening and danger-fraught ventures. But with Livingstone, one expedition followed another, with determination undaunted, with a purpose and programme into which the element of fear never entered.

The *modesty, and utter absence of self-assertion* in Livingstone, are entitled to honorable mention. I have never read of a man who seemed to claim so little for himself. With him the individual was lost to view in the magnitude of the cause. Here we have the crucial test of true greatness. There is not a single incident in the career before us, that conflicts with this. On the contrary, recall for illustration, the signal instance of Livingstone's disappointment — for disappointment it must have been — in not being the first to publish the true explanation of the geological structure of Central South Africa. Many theories had been advanced, all of which Livingstone had, by topographical observation, found to be inaccurate. The true idea he was the first to derive from local investigation ; and when he came to report the important scientific fact, that the region of his explorations was a great concave stratification, he then learned that Sir Roderick Murchison had already demonstrated before the Royal Geographical Society, years before, the same conclusion, as the result of his own investigations, deduced from data previously matters of scientific record. This, instead of exciting a feeling of antagonism, only served to draw these *savans* in geographical science sympathetically together, and paved the way to a friendship between them, which Livingstone fondly cherished to the close of his life.

I approach the conclusion of what I have to submit on this memorable occasion, with a feeling somewhat akin to regret. For it is inspiriting, Mr. President, to our sentiment of manhood, thus to contemplate the career of one who gave his life to redeem a continent from barbarism, who has extended the area of Christian homes for the world's population, and who, augmenting the commerce and wealth of the race, and contributing to the scientific knowledge of the structure and resources of the orb we inhabit, at the same time helps to prepare the way for the world-wide establishment of revealed truth and Christian civilization.

May I crave permission at this point, to recall your minds to a somewhat singular event in the annals of exploration, which has an incidental bearing upon the general topic under remark ? Toward

the close of the fifteenth century, synchronizing strangely enough with the date of the discovery of America, a fleet of Portuguese explorers landed a numerous and well-armed body of men on the east coast of Africa, near to Zanzibar, and probably not far from the very point, Bagomoyo, where, four hundred years after, the embassy of the New York *Herald*, under the leadership of Stanley, started for the interior, on the search for Livingstone. This Portuguese expedition was in quest of that mythical prince, Prester John. For two centuries, romantic rumors of this half-historic, half-imaginary personage had floated through Christendom. The original idea of his Nestorian priesthood and his Persian principality, having been proved to be without warrant, upon the foundation of a conjecture, started, no one knew where or by whom, and having no authority, or even recognized paternity at the moment, an expeditionary force was sent out by the adventurous king of Portugal, and the fleet finally came to anchor off the Zanzibar coast. Disembarking here, the little army, with the *impedimenta* necessary either for military operations or for ingratiating negotiations with a king and court, reputed to be unparalleled in magnificence and state, penetrated the interior for hundreds of miles. It is held by many whose opinions are entitled to respect that between the sixth and eighth parallels of latitude, these strange adventurers pressed their way, enduring the while with a glad enthusiasm and heroic fortitude the terrific heats of a tropical sun, until at last, when probably finding their further progress barred by the lake, now named Tanganyika, they became disheartened or dismayed, and so returned upon their course, and once more sought their ships. How remarkable the fact, that the line of the march of these pilgrim Portuguese was so nearly identical with the path that Stanley trod searching for Livingstone, and that the ultimate camping-ground of the Portuguese was probably that over which the exploring feet of Livingstone had wandered during the very latest journeys of his life. The Portuguese had gone in martial array, seeking one, who, they imagined, gave lustre and renown by his princely state to the religion of Christ. Stanley went bearing a flag that symbolized the Christian civilization of a hemisphere, of which these Portuguese had never heard, looking for a man who, for some time past, had been lost to view, but who, meantime, was pioneering paths of discovery to the heart of a continent, opening up highways for the winged feet of science, and multiplying facilities for the propagation of that glorious religion which at once dignifies the Creator, and ennobles the creature. The Portuguese went on an embassy

from an earthly king, that they might establish ecclesiastical commerce with one who, they supposed, would aggrandize with pomp and circumstance, the temporal estate of the church of God. On the same strand of Tanganyika, which they stamped with their footprints, four centuries later strode Livingstone, indenting the sands with knees as well as feet, holding before him the grander idea of emancipating a race from idolatry, and redeeming a continent from inutility, and so preparing new kingdoms, and founding new churches for God and His Christ.

As a matter of excusable national pride, will you pardon a word more, Mr. President, touching the expedition which was projected and prosecuted by the New York *Herald*, or (as we may say, without trespassing upon the impersonality of its proprietorship), by Mr. Bennett, for the search and aid of Livingstone. The unprecedented enterprise of this great agent of current intelligence, was crowned with a success, which may properly be styled renown. I must believe that the author and promoter, as well as his intrepid agent and executor, projected and “ builded better than they knew.” What was designed for business, resulted in honor and fame for themselves and for their country. The *Herald* enterprise accomplished for Livingstone, as it eventuated, more than all that was attempted in this direction by the British government. It carried necessary supplies to the explorer in advance of the help ordered by England, and so keeping him in the field, which he otherwise must needs have abandoned, secured to the interests of science and religion, many months more of active service in exploration and missionary effort. It is not, therefore, saying too much, to claim that the expedition of the New York *Herald* in the search and for the help of Livingstone, has connected his name inseparably with America, and given to our country a large share in the glory of his splendid achievements in Africa.

Mr. President, the greatness of the man whose name and fame we celebrate and solemnize in the memorial services of this occasion, are not to be segregated for the embellishment of any one race or nation. Livingstone belongs to the Christian world. Though born in Scotland, Scotland does not own him. Though prosecuting his heroic labors under the “ meteor flag ” of England, he belongs not to Britain alone. Though he toiled beneath the torrid sun of Africa, Ethiopia cannot claim him as peculiarly her son. Though his later sympathies went heartily forth, gratefully recognizing this western land as the home of those who practically vindicated love and cordial fellowship in the hour of sorest need, yet America has no peculiar

interest in the glory of Livingstone. Though he has been laid to rest in England's proudest minster, that minster does not hold him. His character is too great to be the property of any race, his work too vast for the ownership of any nation. His glory is the possession of the Christian world. His Evangely is the inheritance of the brotherhood of man. He was too large in purpose, too grand in work for any thing less than Catholic human fraternity. Least of all and last of all, may it be said of Livingstone, as was charged upon Britain's greatest statesman —

“Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to *England* gave up what was meant for mankind.”